

An ADDRESS,

To the Right Honourable Sir JOHN FLEET, K^t
Lord Mayor of the City of London,

2. Nov. 1792

OUR great Metropolis, like the Patriarch's Wife,
Hath to Two different Nations given Life;
One to the greatest Blessings Born, and Nurst,
The Other in his Mother's Womb Accurst;

The Father, One of Num'rous Israel,
The Other for French Pottage, their Birth-Rights sell;
For Venison Feasts, their City They'll betray,
And basely give their Franchises away;

With Juries, packt for Violence, and Blood,
They Hunt, and Murther th'Innocent and Good.
Twas Criminal, with them, not to be Ill,
And the Best Men were markt for Vengeance Kill.

The Vip'rous Brood, their Mother's Entrails Tear,
And Gnaw the Heart of Her that did them bear;
Right of Election, basely they decline,
And all her old Foundations Undermine;

With Debaucht Treats, th'Ensnare th'Apprentices,
And the Lewd Boys, against the Laws Address.
These, and th'Inferiour Clergy were led on,
Their Cue was *Jus Divine*, and Forty One:

The Observer in the Van did vapour,
Twas He that was *Kir Gregorie*, *Asse*, *Septimus*,
Till They had fill'd the Government with Tools,
Despis'd by Wise Men, and upheld by Fools.

To These, our Plagues, and Troubles owe their Birth!
These Wretches, Shame, and Burthen of the Earth;
Who, tho' Just Heav'n at length have brought them under,
Like the fall'n Spirits, Fight against the Thunder;

Mean abject Souls, who obstinate in Ill,
Altho' they want the Pow'r, Retain the Will;
They know not how to Blush, tho' they despair,
Having in Four Elections lost the Chair;

All Good Men will suspect what such promote,
They're a Reproach to Him, for whom they Vote.
But leave 'em now, my Muse, to heal the Matter,
By Drinking Healths to to'ther side o' th' Water.

And turn thine Eyes unto the Thronged Hall,
Freed from th'Enchantments of a Back Caball;
The Citizens, from Armed Force, Reliev'd,
And their Condemned Charters all Repriev'd,

Sav'd, and Restor'd. What could our Hearts desire?
We now Triumph over our Fatal Fire,
And gratefully Rejoyce in KING and Mayor,
Since Right Election fills the Throne and Chair.

One great Metropolis, like the Patriarch's Wife,
 Hath to Two different Nations given Life;
 One to the greatest Blessings Born, and Nurst,
 The Other in his Mother's Womb Accurst;
 The Father, One of Num'rous Israel,
 The Other for French Pottage, their Birth-Rights sell;
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 And the Lewd Boys, against the Laws Address.
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 They know not how to Blush, tho' they despair,
 Having in Four Elections lost the Chair;
 All Good Men will suspect what such promote,
 They're a Reproach to Him, for whom they Vote.
 But leave 'em now, my Muse, to heal the Matter,
 By Drinking Healths to to'ther side o' th' Water.
 And turn thine Eyes unto the Thronged Hall,
 Freed from th'Enchantments of a Packt Caball;
 The Citizens, from Armed Force, Reliev'd,
 And their Condemned Charters all Repriev'd,
 Sav'd, and Restor'd. What could our Hearts desire?
 We now Triumph over our Fatal Fire,
 And gratefully Rejoyce in KING and Mayor,
 Since Right Election fills the Throne and Chair.
 What Land besides can such great Blessings prove?
 W're Rul'd by those our selves are bound to Love:
 Ages shall speak the Praises of Our KING,
 Who, venturing All, did Our Deliv'rance bring:
 He, who Our Antient Birth-Rights did Restore,
 And Fights our Battles on a Foreign Shoar.

Thrice Happy *England*! Guarded from Alarms,
Rescu'd from Foreign Arms, and Foreign Arms;
The great Fatigue, thy Glorious *KING* sustains,
Defends Thee from French Councils, and French Arms.

You, Mighty *Magistrate*, must next take place,
Who, with wise Conduct, your great Power exercise;
True to His Interest that fills the Throne,
Your *Citizens* may call their Lives their Own:
May *London's* Style in Glorious Letters swell,
And on Her Gates, still write *S. P. Q. L.*
We from Your Equal Management, may hope
T'have Vice deprest, and Virtue lifted up;
Nor fear We now the giving up of Charters,
We dread not staking up the Heads of Martyrs,
Or Loading Bloody Gates with Loyal Quarters.
No Packing Juries from our Worthy Sheriffs,
Nor Good Men Sworn to Death by Rogues and Thieves.
Canst tell, O City! what thy Blessings are,
When a wise *Senator* supplies thy Chair?
Look but a few Years back, Admire, Adore
That Hand that did thy Guardian Laws Restore:
Now, Sir, Your *Citizens*, who have You chose,
Under their *KING*, in you their Trust Repose;
The Favour you receive from the Best Pair,
That e're Adorn'd the Table of Lord Mayor,
Those Votes, that Royal kindness, I plainly prove,
You've your *Peoples* Honour, and your Prince's Love:
Crown'd with that Glorious Pair, *Dampson* and *Hall*,
Defies *Versailles*, and the Grand Seraglio:
Those Dens of Tyrants; Curst by all, are Good,
Founded on nought but Violence, and Blood.
Rejoyce, O! *London*! Where at once are seen,
Of *Kings* the Valiantest, and the Fairest *Queen*;
So All-Divine, so Condescending too,
They scatter Blessings wheresoever they go.
Whole Legions Throng, to see the Royal Pair,
And with glad Acclamations fill the Air;
Profusions of Poms, and Triumphs Crown,
The great Appearance, and the Joyful Town,
Have Prince, and Patriot, they are proud to own.

Now, would I have the *Jacobites* true Blue,
Those Yelping Brats of Trusty *Rogers* Crew;
Wh'Oppos'd your Interest in the Common Hall,
And for Succession of the Chair did Bawl;
Lay by their Heats, Succumb, and not Biggotted,
Mind *Jeffreys*, I--d, and some others noted,
Whose Memories, are with just Odium Blotted;
Whilest Restor'd *London* shall such Patriots choose,
As Scorn Her Charters, nor to give, nor Lose.

May London's Style in Glorious Letters well,
And on Her Gates, still write S. P. Q. L.
We from Your Equal Management, may hope
T'have Vice deprest, and Virtue lifted up;
Nor fear We now the giving up of Charters,
We dread not staking up the Heads of Martyrs,
Or Loading Bloody Gates with Loyal Quarters.
No Packing Juries from our Worthy Sh'iffs,
Nor Good Men Sworn to Death by Rogues and Thieves.
Canst tell, O City! what thy Blessings are,
When a wise Senator supplies thy Chair?
Look but a few Years back, Admire, Adore
That Hand that did thy Guardian Laws Restore:
Now, Sir, Your Citizens, who have You chose,
Under their KING, in you their Trust Repose;
The Favour you receive from the Best Pair,
That e're Adorn'd the Table of Lord Mayor;
Those Votes, that Royal kindness, plainly prove,
You've your Peoples Honour, and your Prince's Love:
Crown'd with that Glorious Pair, y^e old Pompey Hall,
Defies Versailles, and the Grand Seraglio:
Those Dens of Tyrants; Curst by all, are Good,
Founded on nought but Violence, and Blood.
Rejoyce, O! London! Where at once are seen,
Of Kings the Valiantest, and the Fairest Queen;
So All-Divine, so Condescending too,
They scatter Blessings whereoe'er they go.
Whole Legions Throng, to see the Royal Pair,
And with glad Acclamations fill the Air;
Profusions of Poms, and Triumphs Crown,
The great Appearance, and the Joyful Town,
Have Prince, and Patriot, they are proud to own.

Now, would I have the Jacobites true Blue,
Those Yelping Brats of Trusty Rogues Crew;
Wh'Oppos'd your Interest in the Common Hall;
And for Succession of the Chair did Bawl;
Lay by their Heats, Succumb, and not Biggotted,
Mind Jeffreys, I--d, and some others noted,
Whose Memories, are with just Odium Blotted;
Whilest Restor'd London shall such Patriots choose,
As Scorn Her Charters, or to give, or Lose;
May She still Glory in her King and Mayor,
A Blessing to the Throne, an Honour to the Chair.

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